all new

Monster HUNTERS

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AS HAL KARFEL DESCENDS DEEPER INTO THE INCREDIBLY CLEAR WATER OF THE REEF NORTH OF HERON CAY, HE IS WARY OF SHARKS AND BARRACUDA BUT...THEY ARE ***NOT*** THE GREATEST DANGER HE WILL FIND IN THIS FANTASTICALLY BEAUTIFUL PLACE!

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WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CHICK--SHE REALLY BELONGS ON THIS ISLAND--IT'S GOING TO BE A GOLD MINE!

SHE ***WANTS*** ME TO FOLLOW HER!

HIDDEN PARADISE

EDITOR- GEO. WILDMAN
WRITER-JOE GILL
ARTIST - MARTI

THIS LEADS INTO AN ***UNDER-WATER CAVE!***

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL ***GROTTO*** IN...MY FRIEND DOES NOT WANT ME TO GO IN THERE!

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MONSTER HUNTERS

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SHE'S BEEN UNDERWATER AT LEAST THREE MINUTES THAT I KNOW OF! I GUESS I'D BETTER GO WITH HER...

DO NOT BE AFRAID, SIR. MY PEOPLE WILL NOT HARM YOU.

THEY LOOK PEACEFUL.

YOU'RE A FANTASTIC SWIMMER, YOUNG LADY. AND THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE. I HAD A HUNCH THIS ISLAND WAS INHABITED.

IT IS OUR HOME. I AM CALLED LONA. THIS IS MY FATHER, JONATHAN.

THERE WERE OTHERS LIVING IN THIS HIDDEN PARADISE. HAL MET THEM ALL, HANDSOME, POWERFUL MEN, AND LOVELY WOMEN.

I'M IN THE REAL ESTATE AND RESORT HOTEL BUSINESS. HOW WOULD YOU ALL LIKE TO BE RICH?

WE ALL ENJOY BEING *HAPPY* AND *CONTENT*, SIR.

MANY YEARS AGO, WE ABANDONED YOUR WORLD WHERE WEALTH IS THE GOAL OF MANY AND IT CAUSES MUCH EVIL AND UNHAPPINESS.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MISTER. I ***GUARANTEE*** YOU'LL LIKE WHAT I DO.

WHAT A TOURIST ATTRACTION THIS WILL BE!

MY FATHER WILL NOT PERMIT ANY CHANGE, HAL. YOU ARE WELCOME AND YOU MAY VISIT WITH US AGAIN...

...BUT IF YOU BRING OTHERS HERE OR DISPLEASE THE CHIEF, YOU WILL REGRET IT.

DONNING HIS SCUBA GEAR ONCE MORE, KARFEL ENTERED THE STILL WATERS OF THE LAGOON. LONA WOULD GUIDE HIM OUT...

SHE'S LIKE AN OTTER OR A SEAL IN THE WATER. I WONDER HOW LONG THESE PEOPLE CAN STAY UNDER WATER?

SHE'S NOT GOING TO SURFACE...SHE'S GOING TO SWIM BACK INTO THE GROTTO.

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, BABY!

AS KARFEL TRIED TO FORCE THE GIRL TO THE SURFACE, HE SUDDENLY FELT AND HEARD A SMASHING BLOW ON THE STEEL TANKS STRAPPED TO HIS BACK....

AND WHEN HE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS, HAL KARFEL WAS LYING IN THE BROILING SUN ON THE BOTTOM OF HIS CHARTERED CRUISER.

MY BACK.... MY RIBS....HALF MY BONES ARE BROKEN!

SOMETHING HIT ME AWFULLY HARD! WAS I HIGH ENOUGH FOR A PASSING BOAT TO RAM ME?

ANYHOW... I'M GOING TO MAKE A BUNDLE OF MONEY FROM HERON CAY! I'LL SPEND EVERY NICKEL I'VE GOT TO DEVELOP IT!

LONA IS **BEAUTIFUL**....I'LL MAKE PROMOTIONAL FILMS....WITH HER IN IT, THEY'LL SHOW IT ON NETWORK T.V.!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

DURING DINNER, HAL KARFEL INQUIRED ABOUT CRANE ISLAND...THE MAITRE D', A LIFELONG RESIDENT OF THESE ISLANDS WOULDN'T DISCUSS HERON CAY!

HERON CAY? DO NOT GO BACK THERE, MR. KARFEL. DO NOT TELL OTHERS WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN. IT WOULD BE VERY DANGEROUS.

NONSENSE, ENRIQUE!

...AND THERE ARE BEAUTIFUL UNDERWATER CAVES. I'M GOING TO BUILD A LUXURY RESORT ON HERON CAY. DO YOU GUYS WANT A PIECE OF THE ACTION?

YOU'RE PRETTY SHREWD, KARFEL. IF YOU'RE IN IT, I'LL INVEST.

LATER...

IN HIS CABANA LATER, KARFEL MADE HIS PLANS....

...AND A CREDIT OF $100,000 FOR PRELIMINARY DEVELOPMENT. YES. I'LL ACQUIRE TITLE TOMORROW AND GET BACK TO YOU!

WHAT A *NIGHT-MARE*...I'D BETTER WAKE UP AND PUT A *LIGHT* ON....

EEEAGGHH!!

NO, I.... *AAAGGGHHH!*

SOMETHING IS ATTACKING MR. KARFEL!

WHO'S THAT? DON'T MOVE UNTIL I GET SOME LIGHT IN HERE!

IT MOVED....INCREDIBLY FAST FOR ITS BULK... SMASHING THROUGH THE STEEL-FRAMED WINDOW.. ..EVEN GOING THROUGH PART OF THE WALL!

STOP OR...IT'S NOT EVEN *HUMAN!*

WHAT **WAS** THAT THING, MR. KARFEL?

JUST A...A MAN WHO WAS PAID TO FRIGHTEN ME.

KARFEL, DRIVEN BY GREED AND A DREAM OF POWER, BOUGHT THE ISLAND NEXT DAY AND....

THIS VERY BAD ISLAND, MISTER. I LET YOU OFF, THEN I MOVE AWAY TO DEEP WATER.

WATCH FOR ME, CAPTAIN. I WON'T STAY LONG THIS TIME.

THERE'S LONA...SHE SEEMS TO SPEND MORE TIME UNDER WATER THAN OUT OF IT.

I WANT TO SEE THE BIG GROTTO THIS TIME. IT'LL BE A SENSATION WITH HOTEL GUESTS.

LONA AND HER PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO DISCOURAGE ME! I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM.. ***I'M GOING TO GET RICH!***

THE GIRL IS AFRAID...BUNCH OF SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES.

I'LL TELL THE OTHERS WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! IF THEY DON'T LIKE IT THEY...*MY GOD!*

GOT IT!

NOW KARFEL WAS SAFE...HE SWAM TOWARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROTTO WHERE THE GIRL, LONA WAS WAITING.....

I'LL HIRE HER...SHE'LL TELL HER PEOPLE WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO!

I THINK SHE LIKES ME!

SHE DID LIKE HAL KARFEL... ***SHE LIKED HIM A LOT!*** AND NO ONE THOUGHT IT WAS ODD WHEN THE HOTEL MAN WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN! HE WASN'T THE FIRST TO VANISH ON HERON CAY.

END!

the UNBELIEVERS

EDITOR- GEO. WILDMAN
WRITER- JOE GILL
ARTIST- C. VILA

AS LA PETITE MAMAN (THE LITTLE MOTHER) CAST HER SPELL, HEDY MIDDLETON TOOK NOTES. HER HUSBAND, COLE, USING A SPECIAL CAMERA, WAS RECORDING THE VOODOO QUEEN'S SESSION FOR *SNEER*, A SENSATIONAL TYPE MAGAZINE.., AND THEY WERE ALREADY PLANNING TO TELL THE WORLD LA PETITE MAMAN WAS A FAKE!

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TERRIFIC PICTURES, HEDY. YOU'RE TAKING NOTES, AREN'T YOU?

NATURALLY. THE OLD WITCH IS A PHONEY... SHE'S JUST HERE TO FLEECE THE TOURISTS!

COLE...THAT'S A *POISONOUS SNAKE!* SHE'S INSANE!

BEAUTIFUL... FANTASTIC PICTURES...

YOU HAVE ANGERED THE SNAKE GOD... *BEWARE!*

DEBUNKING SNEERS, MEDIUMS, AND SPIRITUAL-ISTS HAD MADE HEDY AND COLE FAMOUS! ONCE THEY'D SPENT THE NIGHT IN A HAUNTED BRITISH CASTLE... PHOTOGRAPHING THE 'GHOST' WHICH APPEARED REGULARLY!

NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP IN THIS ROOM FOR CENTURIES, HEDY. ARE YOU FRIGHTENED?

THAT'S A MYTH, COLE. LORD GARNOW IS PROMOTING THE GHOST AS A TOURIST ATTRACTION! WE'LL PROVE IT WHEN WE TAKE THE PICTURES!

THAT NIGHT, THE 'GHOST' HAD APPEARED ... IT AWAKENED HEDY AND COLE!

COLE... LISTEN!

I AM... AND SO IS OUR LITTLE TAPE-RECORDER!

FOR THE RECORD, IT'S JUST MIDNIGHT AND THIS IS THE HAUNTED BEDROOM OF THE MURDERED FOURTH LORD GARNOW. THE GHOSTLY SOUNDS ARE CLEARLY AUDIBLE AND COME FROM THE WALL.

I'VE GOT A PICTURE, COLE.

THE TAPES AND PICTURES CLEARLY PROVED LORD GARNOW'S GHOST WAS A HOAX.

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IN BALKAN VILLAGES, HEDY AND COLE DID PICTURE STORIES ON VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES...

IT'S A HUGE BAT!

IT IS THE COUNT... HE SEEKS A VICTIM'S BLOOD!

BEAUTIFUL, COLE ... IT'S A BAT, NOT A VAMPIRE AND WE'VE GOT ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL PICTURE STORY!

YOU ARE FOOLHARDY PEOPLE, ONE DAY, YOU WILL LEARN THAT TRUTH IS THE ONLY WORTHWHILE GOAL.

BACK IN NEW YORK, HEDY HAD PROWLED THE DARK BYWAYS OF THE CITY AND THIS WAS HOW SHE LEARNED OF THE VOODOO QUEEN...

I THINK YOU TALK WITH LA PETITE MAMAN IN ISLANDS. MAYBE YOU BELIEVE HER!

BUT, YES, THERE IS VOODOO! EVEN THE PEOPLE HERE IN THE CITY MAKE VOODOO.

THEY DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT JUNK, DO THEY?

MAYBE I WILL ... BUT DON'T BET ON IT!

AND, SO HEDY AND COLE MIDDLETON HAD FLOWN FROM NEW YORK TO AN ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN...

I'LL KILL THAT THING IF YOU LET IT LOOSE, OLD WOMAN. LET'S GO, HEDY... WE'VE GOT OUR STORY.

WRITE OF YOUR OWN DEATH, UNBELIEVER ...FOR THE WRATH OF THE SNAKE GOD CANNOT BE DENIED!

STAY CLOSE TO ME, HEDY... THE GUIDE QUIT ON US! AND WATCH FOR SNAKES!

DID YOU HAVE TO SAY THAT?

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT HAS CRACKED DOWN ON THESE VOODOO CULTS! WE'LL REPORT THE OLD WOMAN TO THE FUZZ AND THEY'LL PUT HER OUT OF BUSINESS.

I KNOW IT'S STUPID, COLE... BUT THE OLD WITCH FRIGHTENED ME!

SHE'S A FRAUD, HEDY, AND THERE ISN'T ANY SNAKE GOD!

AT THAT MOMENT, SOMETHING THICK AND HEAVY AND COLD BRUSHED AGAINST THE PHOTOGRAPHERS CHEEK. HE LOOKED, SAW AND SCREAMED!

AAAHH

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

COLE...THE LIGHT!

STOP GRABBING AT ME, YOU FOOL...

EEEIII!

I...I FELT SOMETHING *TOUCH* MY CHEEK...IT WAS *A S-SNAKE!* COLE, WHERE'S THE LIGHT?

I DROPPED IT RIGHT HERE!

SHUT UP... PANIC WILL JUST MAKE IT WORSE!

THAT HIDEOUS OLD HAG DID THIS, COLE!

THE LIGHT IS GONE! STAY NEAR ME... WE'LL FIND OUR WAY IN THE DARK!

HEE HEE HEE

LISTEN, COLE... SHE'S *LAUGHING* AT US!

THAT NIGHT WAS AN ENDLESS NIGHTMARE! THEY STUMBLED, SCRATCHED AND BLEEDING, INTO A TOWN AN HOUR AFTER DAWN AND TOLD THEIR STORY TO A POLITELY ATTENTIVE CHIEF OF POLICE...

... AND LA PETITE MAMAN PUT THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE GOD ON US!

SURELY YOU DO NOT BELIEVE THIS SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE, SENOR MIDDLETON?

OF COURSE NOT... BUT SHE SHOULD BE ARRESTED FOR TRYING TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE WITH HER MUMBO JUMBO!

AT THE HOTEL, COLE AND HEDY CLEANED UP AND DISCUSSED THE HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE.

WE'VE GOT A TERRIFIC ARTICLE, HEDY! WE'LL EXPOSE THE OLD CRONE AS A FAKE AND I HAVE SENSATIONAL PICTURES!

I'VE GOT TERRIFIC PICTURES OF THE LIVING SNAKE GOD, HEDY! IT'LL BE THE BEST PICTURE STORY WE EVER DID!

TELL ME ABOUT IT ON THE PLANE, COLE. I WON'T RELAX UNTIL WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM THIS ISLAND.

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT DECENT PICTURES, COLE!

I'VE CAPTURED THE SNAKE GOD RIGHT ON FILM!

IN NEW YORK, THE MIDDLETON'S TAXED TO THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF SNEER AND TOLD THE EDITOR...

I'LL DEVELOP THE PICTURES OF THE SNAKE GOD WHILE YOU TYPE UP YOUR NOTES, HEDY.

I'LL DEVELOP THE PIX, HEDY. YOU BRIEF THE BOSS ON WHAT WE'VE GOT!

...hoto lab.

IT SOUNDS SENSATIONAL, HEDY.

IT WILL BE SENSATIONAL, BOSS. WE INTERVIEWED THIS OLD WITCH WHO ACTUALLY PUT THE CURSE OF THE VOODOO SNAKE GOD ON US...

YOU TWO HAVE COURAGE, HEDY. I'D BE A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT MESSING WITH PEOPLE LIKE THAT.

WHAT IN THE WORLD?

IT WAS COLE!

EEAACH!!

DARLING, WHAT HAPPENED?

I OPENED THE DOOR... SNAKE WAS INSIDE... SNAKE BIT ME!

THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE GOD, HEDY... I WAS BITTEN!

I'LL CALL A DOCTOR!

THE EDITOR WAS AFRAID TO ENTER THE PHOTO LAB. AS HEDY AND COLE WRITHED IN AGONY, A DELIVERY MAN FROM A MESSENGER SERVICE STEPPED INSIDE! HE DEFTLY GRABBED THE SNAKE AND POPPED IT INTO THE BASKET...

Y-YOU PUT THE SNAKE HERE? IN GOD'S NAME, WHY?

THE SNAKE GOD SENT ME. NOW, LAUGH AT HIM... IF YOU HAVE BREATH IN YOUR BODIES!

NEITHER COLE NOR HEDY DIED BUT THAT WAS THEIR LAST EXPOSÉ... FROM THAT DAY THEY DID STRAIGHT ASSIGNMENTS.

THEY HAVE LEARNED, MY FRIEND. NO ONE SCOFFS AT THE VOODOO GODS!

END

YOU CANNOT RUN FAST ENOUGH...

'OR HIDE WELL ENOUGH...

FOR WHEN THEY CATCH YOUR SCENT, YOU CAN DO BUT **ONE** THING...

EDITOR - GEO. WILDMAN
WRITER - JOE MOLLOY
ARTIST - M. ZECK

YOU CAN DIE!

THE TOLD OF MUNG!

AIEEEEEE

RUN WITH THEM NOW AS THEY CARVE CHASMS THROUGH THE THICKNESS OF NIGHT! FOR IT IS THE TIME OF THE FULL MOON, WHEN WERE-CREATURES PROWL ... AND SEEK TO SATISFY THEIR CRAVING FOR BLOOD!

ZECK

THE BARON VON DEISLER ....A MAN TORN BY THE DEMON WITHIN HIM!

I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

WHAT FIRST HELD EXCITEMENT AND PLEASURE HAS NOW BECOME MY BANE!

I MUST SEEK HELP... AND THAT CAN ONLY BE FOUND IN THE HILLS!

LATER, AS DUSK CAPTURES THE SKY...

YES. I CAN HELP YOU! THE LORE OF THE MOUNTAINS IS MINE!

THEN **DO** IT, WOMAN! AND BE **QUICK!** THE FULL MOON WILL SOON TAKE ITS PLACE AMONG THE STARS!

WELL PUT, BARON! BUT MY SERVICES REQUIRE **MONEY**, NOT POETRY!

THIS YOU SHALL HAVE!

OUAH! ARE YOU SURE THIS VILE CONCOCTION WILL WORK?

IT WILL WORK!

AS THE MOON BEGINS ITS CLIMB...

I DON'T FEEL THE FAMILIAR TINGLING!

YOU WILL NEVER FEEL IT AGAIN!

AND...

I AM CURED!

I NOW REQUIRE PAYMENT... THIRTY PIECES OF THE MOON'S OWN COLOR...SILVER!

NAY, WOMAN / YOU REQUIRE BUT ONE . PIECE OF LEAD /

BLAM!

THIS WILL MAKE THEM THINK IT WAS A ROBBER / THE HILLS ARE FULL OF THEM /

NOW THERE BE NONE WHO CAN INCRIMINATE ME!

AS HE RETURNS TO HIS LAMPLESS RESIDENCE, HE HEARS THE RUSTLING OF OLD FRIENDS!

THEY ARE HERE... MY COMRADES OF THE NIGHT!

HO GROWLER, MINCER! MY OLD FRIENDS...

HUH?

GRRRR

RR

HOLD, WOLVES! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME!? I WAS YOUR LEADER... DER FÜHRER WOLF!!!

RAARR!!

BUT HIS HUMAN SCENT IS UNLIKE THE PUTRID WERE-ODOR...

RRRRRRRRRD

AAAIIIEEEEE

GRRRRRRD.

"AND DEATH OPENS ITS PORTALS TO ANOTHER GUEST!

END

A DEAD MAN'S DUE

STORY: MIKE PELLOWSKI

"Here's another stiff for you to bury at the public's expense, Silas, old buddy," said the man from the coroner's office as he wheeled the corpse into the mortuary on a table.

"I'm tired of these cheap burials," complained Silas. "Burying bums isn't worth the time and effort I put into it. Potters' Field is filled with vagabonds who pick our town to die in. I'm sick of this routine!"

"Sorry, Pal," answered the attendant as he unloaded his lifeless cargo. "I don't kill these guys. I only deliver them after they kick off. Being a small town between two, big cities makes us a sort of hobo heaven. Hey! That's a good joke!" he said as he covered the old tramp with a sheet. "Give him a good send off or he'll come back to haunt you!" teased the attendant as he walked out of Silas' funeral home.

"They always bring these guys in just before I'm going to have my dinner," grumbled Silas. "I'd better plant this guy first, and then I'll eat. It won't take long."

Silas examined the old man more closely. He went through the man's pockets. It was his habit to confiscate any object of value he found on his clients. He had a distorted sense of values, and robbing the dead wasn't beneath his warped sense of dignity.

Finding nothing, he cursed the old man and then began the grisly task of preparing him for burial.

The corpse's left arm slipped over the table's edge and dangled in thin air. Something caught Silas' eye. It was a ring! The dead man had a ring on his finger!

Silas dropped to his knees and eagerly grabbed the dead man's hand. The ring wouldn't bring much in a hock shop, but it was worth stealing. "If it fits me, I'll wear it," whispered Silas. "It looks more expensive than it is."

He started to pull and tug on the ring, but the band refused to slide over the swollen knuckle. After a violent tug of war, Silas finally jerked the ring off of the lifeless, calloused finger. He held it up and his bulging, bloodshot eye peered at the inscription inside of the band.

"Love Forever, Mary," he mumbled. "You won't need this where you're going, Pops!" Silas slid the ring

over the knuckle of his own left index finger. It was a tight fit and he could barely get the ring on, but he forced it into place.

He got down to business. Silas prepared the stiff, threw together a pine box and slid the old gent into the coffin. He quickly sealed the casket's lid.

The coffin he loaded onto a cart. The cart he pulled out into the graveyard just as the full moon rose. By the time the moon was up, he'd finished burying the casket in Potters' Field. Picking up the tools of his trade, he said farewell to the dead man he'd robbed.

"Now, I'll go back and have dinner," he muttered as he marched through the eerie cemetery. Since his mortuary adjoined the graveyard, his appetite didn'thave long to wait before its needs were satisfied.

He was cutting a slice of bread from the loaf when he heard a soulpiercing shriek that chilled his spine and made his blood run cold. Looking up, he saw a spectre come out of the shadows!

It was the ghost of the man he had just buried! The dead had come back to haunt and torment him! What did that demon from Hell want?

The awful truth dawned on Silas as he got to his feet and backed away from the ominous refugee from the grave. The dead man wanted his ring!

"You can have your ring!" Silas screamed. "Stay back! Leave me alone, and I'll give it to you!"

Silas grabbed at the ring on his finger. The accursed thing wouldn't come off! It refused to budge! It was stuck!

The spectre closed in on his prey. Silas fought, but couldn't ward off the clawing, grasping, searching fingers of the spectre. Man and monster went sprawling onto the floor. They grappled, struggled and wrestled in a life versus death contest. The ghost would not be cheated! The spectre would not be thwarted! He would regain his solitary, worldly possession! The dead man would have his due!

Moments later, the spectre exited the mortuary clutching his prize between his bony fingers. The ring given to him by his loved one had been returned. He had wrenched it from Silas' finger. It was a bit battered, but none the worse for wear.

The mortician laid sprawled on the floor. His sobs of pain and anguish echoed through the still, night shadows. The terrifying experience had driven him insane! Never again, would he dare to steal from the dead!